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*Hermann and Dorothea.*

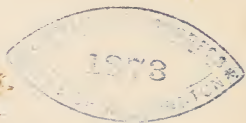


# Hermann and Dorothea.

*Johann Wolfgang von*  
From the German of Goethe.

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS CONRAD PORTER.



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## P R E F A C E .

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THE treatment which this exquisite poem of Goethe has received at my hands may appear to the scholar to savor of vandalism or sacrilege. The great bard forgive me! But I have this plea to offer: The verse of the original is hexameter, at best an almost unmanageable metre in our language. To translate it into the same verse, therefore, is beyond the skill even of a Longfellow; to translate it into another would destroy one of its principal charms. So that if English readers are ever to enjoy this beautiful creation of genius, the poetic form must, in any case, be sacrificed. And yet, unlike many works of art, its chief value does not rest in the form only, perfect as that is. A golden statue, wrought out with curious and elaborate skill by the hand of a master, loses, it is true, its artistic worth and beauty in the furnace, but the gold remains; so Goethe's rhyme, when melted into English prose, is Goethe still—the idyl is still idyllic.









## Fate and Sympathy.

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“NEVER before have I seen the square and the streets so lonely ! The town is as empty as if swept by a plague ! Of all our people I do not believe there are fifty left. What will not curiosity do ! Everybody has hurried off to look on the sorrowful procession of the poor exiles, though it is a good hour’s walk down to the pier, where they are landing, and the road is hot and dusty. Catch me stirring from my seat to witness the misery of the wretched fugitives, who, flying from their beautiful country beyond the Rhine, come over to us, with what goods they were able to

save, and now journey through the windings of our fruitful valley.

“ You did right and kindly, wife, in sending our son out to the poor folks with old linen, victuals, and drink, for it is the duty of the rich to give alms. How the boy drives! How bravely he manages the horses! And the little coach—the new one—looks very well; four can easily sit in it, besides the coachman on the box. This time he drove alone; how lightly it rolled round the corner!”

Thus spake to his wife the landlord of the Golden Lion, comfortably seated under the gateway of his house, which fronted on the market-square.

And the prudent housewife answered:

“ Father, I always dislike to give away old linen, because it can be used for so many purposes, and is not to be had for money, when one needs it. Yet to-day I

cheerfully parted with a number of good pieces in coats and shirts, when I heard of the children and the old people, who are going naked yonder. But will you forgive me? Your chest has been plundered too. The dressing-gown with the Indian flowers, made of fine calico, and lined with flannel—I gave that away. It was thin and old, and altogether out of fashion.”

But the excellent husband smiling replied :

“I am sorry to lose it—the old chintz-gown. It was real East India stuff, such as cannot be had again. Well ! I was done wearing it. Now-a-days, the gentleman must show himself in frock-coat and boots ; slippers and caps are cried down.”

“Look !” said the wife, “some of those, who went out to see the procession, are coming back already ; it must be nearly past. See, how dusty their shoes are !

how their faces glow ! and how each one carries his handkerchief and wipes the sweat off ! Catch me running so far, and suffering in this heat, to gaze on a spectacle like that ! I will have enough in hearing about it."

Then the good father added, with emphasis :

"We seldom have such weather and such a harvest. The hay is dry and in the mow ; the sky is clear, and not a cloud to be seen, and the wind blows from the east with a delightful coolness. The weather is settled, and the grain is over-ripe. Tomorrow we must begin to cut."

As he spake, the crowds of men and women, who were hastening homewards over the square, increased more and more. And with them came their rich neighbor, the wealthiest merchant of the place, driving briskly with his daughters in an open

carriage (it was made in Landau) up to the door of his newly-repaired dwelling, on the other side of the market-square. The streets grew lively, for the town was well peopled, and many trades and manufactures were carried on there.

And thus the honest couple sat under the gateway, amusing themselves with various remarks on the passers-by. At length, the worthy housewife exclaimed :

“Look ! yonder comes the preacher and our neighbor, the apothecary, with him ; they shall tell us all they have seen, and what is painful to behold.”

The two advancing, greeted the married pair in a friendly manner, shook the dust off their feet, and sat down on the wooden bench under the gateway, fanning themselves with their handkerchiefs the while. After the exchange of salutations, the apothecary first spake, in a half-angry tone :

“Such things, indeed, men are! and they are all alike in this, that every one delights in gaping and gazing on the misfortunes of his neighbor! This one runs to see the flames tower up in their destructive fury, and that one to look on a criminal led forth to the gallows, whilst another walks now a great distance to pry into the misery of worthy exiles, and nobody dreams that a similar fate may sooner or later overtake him. I find such thoughtlessness unpardonable; and yet it belongs to human nature.”

The noble-minded young pastor, the ornament of the town, immediately replied. He understood life well, knew the wants of his hearers, was thoroughly impressed with the great excellence of the Holy Scriptures, which reveal to us the natural disposition and destiny of man, and at the same time

was at home also among the best profane authors. He said :

“I do not like to find fault with the innocent propensities which good mother Nature has given us ; for what reason and understanding are not able to accomplish, we are oftentimes led to irresistibly by some happy instinct. Did not curiosity allure man by its powerful charms, say ! would he ever find out how beautifully the things of the world stand related to each other ? For, at first he desires that which is new, then seeks with untiring industry that which is useful ; at last he longs after the good, which renders him noble and worthy. To the youth, levity is a joyful companion, who conceals danger from him, and obliterates, with a hand of healing, the traces of misfortune, as soon as it is over. Indeed, the man deserves praise, in whose riper years a



solid understanding is developed from such a cheerful disposition, who exerts himself actively and zealously in prosperity as well as adversity ; for he creates that which is good, and makes amends for that which is evil."

Here broke in the impatient housewife: 100

"Tell us what you saw, for that is what I most wish to hear about."

"Not soon," began the apothecary, "will I recover my spirits after what I have this day seen. Who can describe the manifold misery ! Long before our descent into the meadows we caught glimpses of a distant cloud of dust, but could distinguish little of the procession, which stretched invisibly from hill to hill. When we reached the highway, that runs obliquely through the valley, the press of the crowd and the noise of the wagons were very great. And then, alas ! we saw enough of the poor



wretches going by, and were able to learn from individuals how bitterly painful their flight was, and yet how joyful are the feelings of him, who barely escapes with his life. It was sad to see the heaps of goods from a single well-ordered house, where, under the care of a good landlord, they stood in their right places, ever ready for use, now tumbled together into various carts and wagons. Across the cupboard lies the sieve and the woollen coverlet; the bed in the dough-tray, and the sheets on the top of the looking-glass. Ah! danger—as we found at our great fire twenty years ago—deprives men of all sense, so that they carry off things of little worth, and leave the most valuable behind. So here they drove on without reflection—horses and oxen breaking down under loads of the vilest stuff—old boards and barrels, the goose-stall and the bird-cage. The women

and children also groaned, dragging themselves along under bundles, baskets, and tubs, filled with articles of no manner of use, for men are always loth to give up even the meanest of their property. And thus over the dusty road the crowding procession travelled on without order or plan. One, with weak animals, wished to drive slowly—another, with stronger, to go faster. Then arose the cries of women and children, squeezed almost to suffocation, the lowing of cattle, mingled with the barking of dogs, and the moaning of the old and sick, who, sitting on beds, were rocked to and fro high up on the heavy, overloaded wagons. The creaking wheel of one of them, pushed out of the rut, gave way on the edge of the road, and overturned it into the ditch. With frightful screams the people were flung far into the field, but, as luck would have it, the boxes rolled out

last, and fell nearer the wagon. Any one, who had seen the accident, would have thought them crushed under the chests and cupboards. And so they lay helpless beside the broken wagon; for the others hastened by, thinking only of themselves, and carried along with the stream. We ran quickly up and found the old and sick, who could hardly endure their prolonged sufferings at home in their own beds, lying here on the ground, bruised, groaning, and lamenting, burned by the sun, and choked by the moving dust."

The kind-hearted host, touched by the story, said:

"I only hope that Hermann may overtake them with the clothing and provisions. For myself, I would not like to see them; the sight of misery pains me. As soon as we heard of such great suffering, we promptly sent a trifle from our abundance,

to have the satisfaction of helping at least some of them. But, let us talk no more about these sorrowful scenes, for fear soon creeps over the heart of man, and foreboding, which I hate more than trouble itself. 154 Walk into the little back parlor—it is quite cool; the sun never shines into it, and the warm air is kept out by the thick walls—and mother shall bring us a cup of three-and-eighty, to drive away the blues. It is not sociable to drink here; the flies gather about the glasses.”

And they went in, and were all delighted 165 with the coolness.

Soon after, the mother entered, carefully bearing, on a smooth pewter-salver, the rich, clear wine in a shining bottle, along with rummers of green glass, genuine cups of Rhenish. And the three drew up beside the brown table polished with wax. It was of a circular shape, and stood on huge 169

claw-feet. The glasses of the landlord and the pastor rang together, but the third held his without motion, buried in thought; whereupon the host addressed him in a friendly humor :

“Cheerily drunk, sir neighbor ! for God has hitherto graciously preserved us from evil, and will preserve us likewise in the future. For, who does not know that, since the dreadful fire, by which He scourged us so severely, He has never failed to gladden and protect us, as a man protects the apple of his eye, which is dearer to him than all the rest of his body ? And will He not continue thus to guard and help us ? For men see clearly how much He is able to do, only in times of danger. Will He again destroy all our labor, and lay waste the flourishing town, which, through the hands of an industrious people, He first built up

anew from the ashes, and then so richly blessed?"

"Hold firm to that faith!" cried the mild, excellent pastor; "cherish that disposition, for it will render you wise and secure in prosperity, and yield you the best comfort, and cheer you with the brightest hopes in the hour of trial."

Then continued the landlord, in his manly, sensible way:

"How often have I hailed with wonder the flood of the Rhine, when, travelling on business, I again drew near its shores! It always struck me as a grand and inspiring object, but I never dreamed that its lovely bank would soon become a wall, and its broad bed an effective moat to keep off the French. Lo! Nature protects us, the brave Germans and the Lord; who will give way to foolish fears? The armies are weary of fighting, and everything promises

peace. When that festival, so long wished for, is celebrated in our church, the bell pealing out to the organ, and the trumpet mingling its note with the lofty *Te Deum*—on that day, it is the desire of my heart to see Hermann stand before you, sir pastor, with a bride at the altar, and then will this happy festival, kept by all the nations, become to me also the anniversary of household joys. But I do not like to see the boy, who at home is active and stirring enough, so slow and bashful abroad. He takes little pleasure in going out into society; yes, even avoids the company of the maidens, and the merry dance, which all young folks delight in.”

He spake, and listened. The distant noise of trampling hoofs was heard, and presently the rolling of the carriage, which, driven at great speed, now thundered through the gateway.











## Wermann.

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As the son, a handsome youth, now entered the chamber, the preacher turned on him a keen look, and considered his form and entire bearing with the eye of an observer, well skilled in reading features ; then smiled, and gave him a cordial salutation :

“ Why ! you come back a changed man ! I have never seen you so cheerful, and your look so lively ; you return happy and joyful ; it is easy to see you have distributed the gifts among the poor, and received their blessing.”

In a quiet, yet earnest tone, the son replied :

“I do not know if I deserve praise, but my heart prompted me to act as I will now tell you. Mother, you rummaged so long, hunting up and choosing out the old pieces, that it was late before the bundle was ready; the wine and beer also were slowly and carefully packed. At length, when I passed from the gate into the highroad, the crowds of citizens, with their wives and children, were already streaming back against me; for the procession of the exiles had, by this time, travelled further on. I hastened towards the village, where I heard they intended to stop, and rest over night. As I took the new road in my way, I spied a wagon, made of solid poles, drawn by a pair of huge, foreign oxen, and, beside it, walking with firm step, a maiden, who guided the powerful brutes with a long stick, now stopping them and now urging them on with great skill and caution.

When she saw me, she came up fearlessly beside the horses, and said :

“ ‘ We were not always so miserable as you see us here to-day, and I am not accustomed to begging gifts from a stranger, which he often bestows unwillingly, merely to get rid of the poor ; but necessity forces me to speak. There, on the straw, lies the wife of a wealthy landholder, whom I, with the steers and wagon, could scarcely save. A new-born babe, of which she has just been delivered, is lying naked in her arms. We cannot go fast, for she is barely alive ; and even when we have reached the next village, where we intend staying for the night, our own people, if indeed they are still there, will be able to render but little help. If you belong to this neighborhood, and have any pieces of spare linen, it would be an act of charity to bring them to the poor creatures.’ ”

“ Thus she spoke. The sick woman, pale and feeble, raised herself from the straw and looked at me. Then I said, in reply :

“ ‘ Surely, an angel must put it into the hearts of good men to feel the want which assails their suffering brethren ; for mother, with a presentiment of your distress, gave me a bundle exactly suited to your case.’

“ And I loosened the knots of the string, and handed out to her father’s dressing-gown, the shirts, and the linen. Full of joy, she thanked me, and cried :

“ ‘ The rich do not believe that miracles are yet wrought ; for in poverty alone we recognise the finger of God, who leads good men to do good deeds. May He do to you, as He through you has done to us !’

“ And I saw the sick woman pleased with the linen-clothes, and feeling the soft flannel of the dressing-gown. The maiden said to her :

“ ‘ Let us hasten to the village, where our companions are resting, and intend to pass the night. There I will prepare all that is needful for the child.’

“ After dropping a polite courtesy, and expressing her warmest thanks, she goaded the oxen, and the wagon started on. But I sat still, holding in the horses ; for there was a debate in my mind, whether I should go to the village and distribute the victuals among the rest of the people, or give them at once to the maiden, trusting to her fairness and prudence. I soon decided the matter, and, driving gently after, overtook her, and said :

“ ‘ My good girl, mother not only gave me clothing for the naked, but much food and drink besides. I have plenty in the carriage-box, and am inclined to put these gifts also into your hands, and thus best fulfil my errand, sure that you will know-

ingly share them aright, where I could only do it by accident.'

"Then she answered :

" 'I will honestly deal out your gifts, to the great joy of the needy.'

"So she said, and I quickly opened the boxes of the carriage, drew out the heavy hams, drew out the bread, the bottles of wine and beer, and gave her everything. Gladly would I have given her more, but the box was empty. She packed it all at the feet of the sick woman, and again started on, whilst I hastened back to town with my horses."

When Hermann had ended, the talkative neighbor immediately began :

"He is lucky, who, in these days of flight and bewilderment, lives alone in his house, who has no frightened wife and children clinging to his side ! I am just so, and would not, for a good deal, be called



father to-day, and have a wife and little ones to care for. I have often thought about flying, and have packed up my valuables—the old coin, and the chains of my sainted mother, of which nothing has yet been sold. Nevertheless, I would have to leave much behind that cannot be carried so easily. The herbs and roots it cost me such pains to gather, I would be loth to part with, though their real value is not very great, it is true. If my clerk stays, I can leave the house light of heart. Having saved my cash and my body, I have saved all; it is easy for the single man to fly.”

“Neighbor,” cried young Hermann, “I by no means agree with you; I find fault with your speech. Is he a true man, who thinks of himself alone in times of prosperity and in times of danger, and does not know how to share in sorrows and in joys,

and is not moved to it from the bottom of his heart? I would rather marry now than ever; for many a good maiden needs a husband to protect her, and the husband a wife to cheer him, when misfortune lowers."

Then the father said, with a smile: "That pleases me! I have seldom heard you speak such a sensible word."

"Indeed, son, you are right," was quickly added by the excellent mother. "We parents set you the example. Our match was not made in happy times, and the most sorrowful hours only knit us the closer together. It was on a Monday morning, I remember it well; for that dreadful fire, which nearly destroyed our little town, happened the day before—twenty years are gone since then; it was Sunday as to-day, the season hot and dry, and a scarcity of water in the place. All the people had

walked out in their holiday garments, and were scattered among the beer-houses and mills. And the fire broke out at the end of town. It ran rapidly through the streets, producing a great draught of wind; and it burned the well-filled barns—and it burned the streets as far as the square, and my father's house, next here, was consumed, and this with it. (All that long and dreary night I sat on the green before the town, watching the chests and beds, but at last fell asleep, and when the cool morning air, which descends before sunrise, wakened me, I saw the smoke and flames, and the hollow walls and chimneys. Then I was very sad; but the sun rose bright as ever, and comfort stole into my heart. I got up quickly. Something drew me to see the spot, where our dwelling had stood, and if the chickens had escaped. I loved them dearly, for I was yet a child in my feelings.

As I now clambered over the ruins of the house and yard, which were still smoking, and looked on the waste and desolation, you came up on the other side, hunting about your place. A horse had been burned in the stable, which now lay a heap of fiery beams and rubbish, and there was nothing to be seen of the animal. And so we stood, opposite to each other, thoughtful and sad, for the wall that separated our yards had fallen. Then you took me by the hand, and said: ‘Lizzie, what brought you here? Go away! You are burning your shoes; the brands are hot, they even scorch my stouter boots.’ And you lifted me up and carried me over through your yard. There stood the gateway of the house, just as it stands now; of all, it alone had remained. And you set me down and kissed me, and I struggled against it. What you then said was kind and full of meaning:

‘See, the house is down! Stay here and help me to build it, and I will then help your father to build his too.’ But I did not understand you, till you sent mother to father, and soon after we were married. Joyfully do I now call to mind the half-burnt timbers and the glorious sunrise, for that day gave me a husband, and those trying times the son of my youth. Therefore, I praise you, Hermann, for thinking with pure affection of a maiden, in these sorrowful times, and daring to rejoice in the midst of war and ruin.”

“Mother,” gaily returned the father, “the idea is praiseworthy, and the story you tell is true; it all happened just so. But better is better. Not every one has to begin life anew; not every one is obliged to trouble himself as we and others did. O, how lucky is he, who has a father and mother to hand over to him a house, already well-

furnished, which he can improve and adorn as his means increase ! All beginnings are difficult ; but the most difficult of all is the beginning of house-keeping. The man needs many things, and they are all growing dearer every day ; hence, let him look well to getting more money beforehand. And so, Hermann, I hope you will soon bring home a wife with a handsome dowry, for a brave lad deserves a girl with a good portion, and it is a great comfort, when along with the wished-for little woman come baskets and chests full of useful articles. Not in vain has the mother been many years in preparing for her daughter a stock of linen of the finest and strongest weaving ; not in vain do the god-parents procure for her presents of silver-plate, and the father lay aside in his desk the rare gold coin. It is that some day she may delight with her possessions and gifts the



youth, who has chosen her before all others. Yes, I know how pleasant it is for a young wife to find herself in a house, where she sees her own goods in kitchen and chamber, and the bed and table, which she herself has covered. I like to see a bride with a good dowry, for, after all, a man will come to despise a poor girl, and look upon her in the light of a servant, when, like a servant, she enters the house with a bundle. Husbands are always hard to please, and the honey-moon is soon over. Yes, Hermann, you will gladden my old age if you bring me a daughter-in-law from the neighborhood, from that house yonder, the green one. The man is very rich, and his business and his manufactures are daily making him richer; for what does not the merchant turn to profit? There are only three daughters, and they will get all the fortune. The eldest is already engaged—I know it;

but the second and the third are yet, and perhaps not long, to be had. Had I been in your place, I would not have waited till now, but carried off one of the girls, as I did your mother."

Then the son modestly answered the urgent father:—

"Indeed, it was once my intention to do what you now ask—to choose one of our neighbor's daughters. We were brought up together, played beside the fountain in the square in earlier days, and I often defended them from the rudeness of the boys. But that was long ago; the growing girls rightly stay at home now, and shun such rough plays. Well-bred they are, to be sure! I went occasionally to see them, on the score of old acquaintance, as you wished me; but I never felt at ease in their company, for they were continually finding fault with me. My coat was too long, the



stuff was too coarse, and the collar too common ; and my hair was not rightly trimmed and frizzled. At length I took a notion to dress myself up like the store-clerks, who always parade there on Sundays, with half-silken lappets hanging around them in summer. But soon enough I saw they were making fun of me ; and that pained me. My pride was wounded ; yet it grieved me still more deeply, when I found they mistook the good-will I bore towards them, especially Minnie, the youngest. For, on Easter, the last time I went over there, I had on my new coat, which now hangs up stairs in the closet, and was combed and frizzled like the rest of the beaux. When I entered they began to titter ; yet I took no notice of it. Minnie was at the piano ; her father sat on the other side, delighted with the singing of his little daughter, and in an excellent humor.

There was much in the song that I did not understand; but I heard a great deal about Pamina and Tamino, and for want of something to say, as soon as she had finished, I inquired about the words and the two persons. Then they were all silent, and smiled; when the father said: ‘Is it not so, my friend—you are only acquainted with Adam and Eve?’ And then they all burst out laughing, and the girls laughed loud, and the boys laughed, and the old fellow held his shaking sides. I was so ashamed that I let my hat fall; and they kept up the titter all the time they played and sang. Mortified and angry, I hurried home, hung my coat in the closet, drew down my hair with my fingers, and swore never to enter their house again. And it is well I did; for they are vain and heartless, and I hear that ever since I go among them by the name of Tamino.”

Then the mother replied :

“Hermann, you ought not to keep angry with the children ; for they are all children together. Minnie is really kind, and was always fond of you ; of late, only, she inquired after you. You ought to choose her.”

“I do not know,” returned the son, thoughtfully ; “it vexed me so deeply that, indeed, I do not wish to see her at the piano, or hear her sing any more.”

But the father broke out in a violent passion :

“Little joy have I had in you ! I always said, since you take pleasure only in the horses and the farm, that you do no more than any hireling does for a wealthy landlord ; meanwhile, the father must be deprived of a son to show himself as a boast and honor among the other citizens. And your mother long ago deceived me with

vain hopes, when you never could keep up with your schoolmates in reading, writing, and learning. Just so ! that is the way, when no feeling of honor stirs in the bosom of a youth, and he has no ambition to rise in the world. If my father had taken as much pains with me, as I have with you—sent me to school and paid teachers for me, I would be something very different, I can tell you, from the landlord of the Golden Lion.”

The son rose up, and, without saying a word, drew near the door slowly and without noise ; but the father cried after him in a rage :

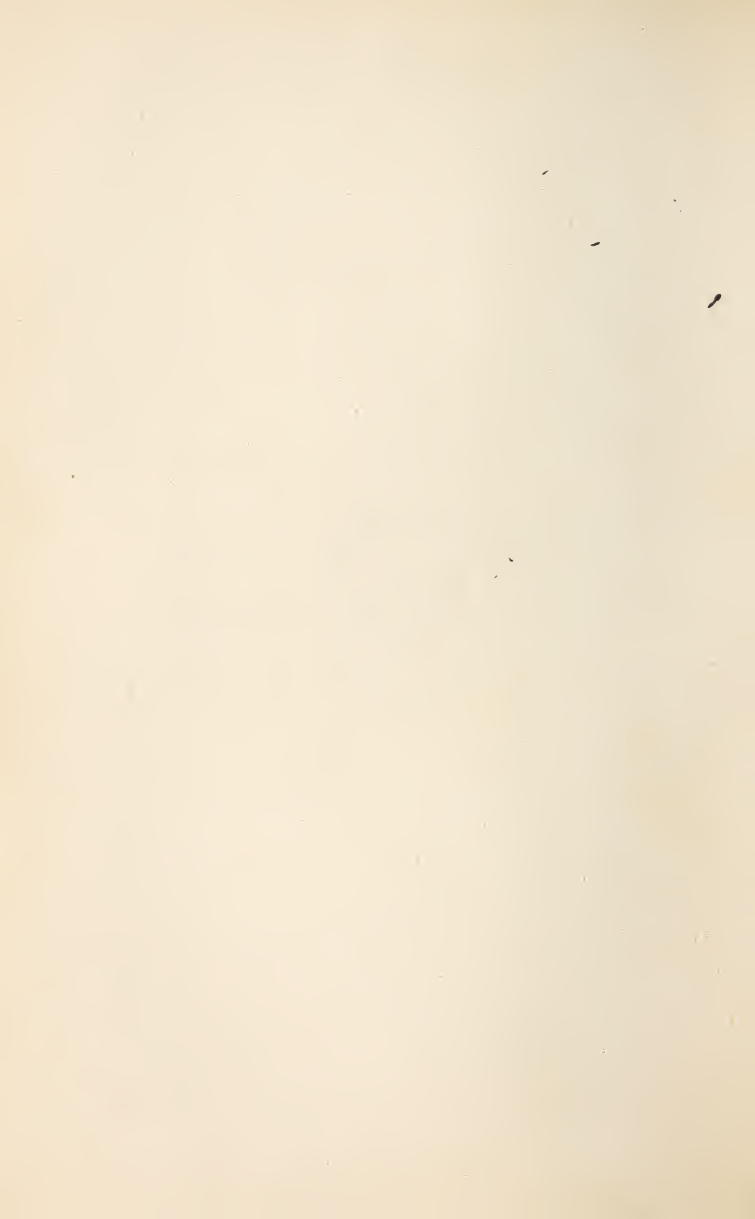
“ Get you gone ! I know your stubbornness ; go, fall to work, lest I scold you ; but do not think that you can ever bring a country-girl into my house as a daughter-in-law—the trollop ! I have lived long and know how to deal with men—know how to

play the host to gentlemen and ladies, so that they go away satisfied; I know how to flatter strangers agreeably. Therefore, I will have at last a little daughter-in-law to sweeten my many vexations; she shall play, too, on the piano for me; and the finest and best folks in town shall be glad to assemble here, as they now do at the house of our neighbor on Sundays."

Then the son softly pressed up the latch, and left the room.









## The Citizens.

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THUS the son prudently withdrew from the wrathful speech of the father, who still continued as he had begun: "What is not in a man will not come out of him; and I hardly expect the dearest wish of my heart will ever be fulfilled—to see the son not like, but better than the father. For what would the house be, what would the town be, if no one took pride in keeping up, altering and improving with the times! Shall a man grow up out of the ground like a mushroom and rot away on the spot that produced him, leaving behind no trace of his living activity! Just as we confidently

infer the disposition of a master from the state of his house, so do we judge of its authorities by walking through a town. Where the walls and towers are dilapidated, where dirt is heaped in the ditches and dirt lies around all the streets, where the stone is pushed out of the groove and never reset, where the beam decays and the house waits in vain for repairs, that place is badly governed. Where order and cleanliness do not work down from above, there the citizen as easily gets used to a draggled skirt as a beggar to his tattered clothes. Hence it has been my desire, that Hermann should visit at least Strasburg and Frankfort, and hospitable Mannheim, built so straight and fair. For he who has seen large and cleanly cities, will not cease, in the future, to embellish his native town, however small it may be. Does not the stranger praise us for mending the gates, painting the steeple

white, and refitting the church? And who is not proud of the pavement, and the well-distributed covered canals, always full of water, bringing this advantage and security, that a fire can immediately be checked at its first outbreak? All this has been done since the dreadful conflagration. Six times was I building-master in the Council, and have won the applause and hearty thanks of the good citizens. My own plans were diligently carried out as well as those of honest men, which had been left unfinished. At length the spirit of every member of the Council was roused. Now they all exert themselves; and a new turnpike-road, to connect us with the great highway, is fully determined on. But I greatly fear our young men will never act thus! The most of them think only of pleasure and idle show, and the rest lounge about the house, and sit stupid behind the stove. And I am

afraid Hermann will always be such a one for me."

And the good, sensible mother, instantly made reply: "Father, you are always so unjust toward the boy, and in this very way can least hope for the fulfilment of your wishes. We cannot fashion children according to our notions; as God gave them so are we bound to take them, and love them, and educate them, as we best can, and let each one follow the bent of his own natural disposition. One has this gift, another that; and each uses it and is good and happy only in his own way. I am not going to scold my Hermann, for I know he is worthy of all you will ever leave him, and will yet turn out an excellent landlord, a pattern to citizens and country-people, and in the Council, I clearly foresee it, will not be behind any. But every day with scolding and fault-finding you crush all spirit in

the bosom of the poor fellow, as you did a while ago." And she immediately left the room and hastened after her son, to seek him out and comfort him with kind words, for he, the excellent son, deserved it.

As soon as she had gone, the father said with a smile : "The women are a wonderful people, as well as the children ; each one likes to follow her own fancy, and hereafter we must do nothing but praise and flatter. Once for all we may apply that true saying of the ancients : ' He who does not go forward must fall backward !' So is it !"

"Sir neighbor," thoughtfully rejoined the apothecary, "I would own to what you have said and try to make improvements myself, but of what account is it to be active and stirring, to embellish inside and outside, if one has not the means ? The citizen is only too much hampered ; the good he might do he is not able to accom-

plish. His purse is too light, the want is too great ; and so he is always hindered. I would have done much ; but who does not dread the cost of such alterations, especially in these dangerous times ! Long since would my house have rejoiced in a modern garb ; long since would large panes have glittered in the windows ; but who can rival the merchant, who, along with his fortune, knows how to get the best of every thing ? Only look yonder at his house, the new one ! How splendidly the white scrolls of stucco appear in the green panels ! The tables of the windows are large ; how the panes gleam and sparkle, throwing all the other houses of the square into the shade ! And yet, just after the fire, ours were the most beautiful, the apothecary's shop of the Angel and the Golden Lion. My garden also was celebrated through the whole country, and every traveller would stop and

look through the pales at the stone-beggars and the painted dwarfs. Whoever took coffee with me in my splendid grotto, which is now indeed crumbling away and half-fallen, was highly delighted with the prismatic hues of the beautifully-arranged shells, and even the connoisseur gazed with dazzled eye on the lead-ore and corals. The picture in the drawing-room, where the lords and ladies in their fine dresses are walking in a garden and plucking the flowers with their taper fingers, was likewise much admired. Yes, who now even looks at it ! I am so vexed that I seldom go out any more ; for every thing ought to be different and tasteful as the word goes, and the laths and wooden benches white, all plain and smooth ; carving and gilding are no longer allowed, and the foreign wood costs a great deal. Now, I would be well satisfied to make some repairs, to keep up with the times,



and often to alter the furniture of my house ; but a man is afraid to change the least thing, for who would be able to pay the working people ? Lately it came into my head, to have the Angel Michael, who is the sign of my shop, regilded, and the grim dragon, curling round his feet ; but I let him stand, brown as he is ; what was asked for the job frightened me.”







## Mother and Son.

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THUS the men talked among themselves. Meanwhile the mother went to look for her son, first before the house, on the stone-bench, where he usually sat. Not finding him there, she went to the stable, to see if he were attending to the spirited horses, which he had bought when colts, and never trusted to other hands than his own. And the groom told her : “ He has gone into the garden.” Then she trod briskly through the long double yards, left the stables and well-built barns in the rear, entered the garden, which stretched back to the wall of the town, and walking through it marked

with pleasure the growth of every plant. And as she went she straightened the props on which the loaded branches of the apple-tree and the burdened limbs of the pear-tree rested, and picked off caterpillars here and there from the fine, swelling heads of cabbage; for a busy housewife takes no step in vain. In this way she proceeded to the end of the long garden, to an arbor covered with honeysuckles; yet found neither there, nor in the garden, any trace of her son—only the little gate, that led from the arbor, which an ancestor, a worthy burgomaster, had been permitted by special favor to cut through the wall of the town, now stood ajar. Passing out, she easily crossed over the dry moat to the well-hedged vineyard, which rose in a steeper slope from the very border of the highway, its terraces facing the sun. She walked into it also, and gazed with delight on the

heavy bunches of grapes, scarce hidden by the leaves. The middle alley, up which she now climbed, was shaded by tall trees, over whose boughs ran intermingled vines of Gutedel and Muscatel, bearing purple clusters of an uncommonly large size, all planted with care, to furnish a dessert for strangers. But the rest of the hill was covered with solitary plants, bearing smaller clusters, and of these the delicious wine was made. Thus she ascended, looking joyfully forward to autumn and its annual holiday, when the whole jubilant population gather the grapes, crush them under foot, and draw off the new wine into barrels. At evening, fireworks crackle and lighten on all sides, in honor of an abundant vintage. But she became uneasy, when, after having called her son two or three times, a multiplied echo only was returned from the spires of the town, ringing back a very

noisy answer. It was something so new for her to seek him ; he had never gone far from home, in order, as he said, to spare his loving mother anxiety and fear lest harm should befall him. Still, she hoped to find him somewhere on the way, for both the lower and the upper gates of the vineyard were open. And now she passed over into the domain, that stretched along the back of the hill in broad flats, treading all the while on their own soil, and rejoicing in their own rich crops and the bending grain, that waved around in golden beauty. She took the footpath through the grassy strip between the fields, keeping in her eye the large pear-tree, that stood on the hill-top and marked the boundary of the land belonging to their house. No one knew who had planted it. It was visible far and wide, and famous for its fruit. Under it the reapers were accustomed to enjoy their noon-

day meal and the herdsmen to watch their cattle in its shadow, on seats built of rough stones and turf. And she did not err; for there sat Hermann and rested, sat with folded arms and seemed to be gazing into the distant region toward the mountains, his back to his mother. Stealing softly up she touched him on the shoulder; he turned quickly and she saw tears in his eyes.

“Mother,” cried he with a start, “you have surprised me!” and the noble-hearted youth hastily brushed away the tears. “What! weeping, my son?” said the astonished mother, “how strange! I never saw you do so before! Tell me what ails you? what drives you to sit alone here under the pear-tree? and what brings these tears into your eyes?”

And the youth, recovering his composure, made reply: “Truly that man has no heart in his brazen bosom, who cannot now

feel for the destitution of homeless wanderers, and little sense in his head, not to be concerned in these days about his own welfare and that of his fatherland. What I saw and heard this day has moved my heart; and I now came forth to gaze on the broad and glorious landscape that sweeps around us with its fruitful hills; to see the golden grain bending for the sickle and a rich crop of fruit that promises to heap our store-rooms full. But oh! how near the enemy! The flood of the Rhine protects us, it is true; yet what, alas! are floods and mountains to yon terrible nation, which is rolling hither like a thunder-storm! They call together the youth from all quarters as well as the old men, and press powerfully forward, crowd rapidly following crowd; and the multitude has no fear of death. Ah! and shall a German dare to remain at home, and hope, perchance, to escape the ca-



lamity that threatens all? Dear mother, I tell you, it sorely vexed me to-day, because my name was lately struck off the muster-roll of the citizens. I am an only son, it is true, and the cares of the household are great, and our business important, but would it not be better to meet the enemy on the borders than to wait for misery and servitude here? Yes, I am resolved, and courage and desire burn in my innermost bosom to live and die for my fatherland, and give to others a worthy example. Surely, if the flower of our German youth were collected on the borders, bound by oath never to yield to the foe, they could not set their foot upon our glorious soil, nor devour the fruits of the land before our eyes, nor order the men about, nor abuse the women and girls. See, mother, in the very depths of my soul I am determined to do immediately what seems to me just and reasonable; for he

who thinks long does not always make the best choice. I will not return home again. I will go straight into town and surrender this heart and this arm to the service of my country. Then let father say, if no feeling of honor dwells in my bosom, and I do not wish to rise in the world !”

Then rejoined the kind, sensible mother, shedding silent tears, which came softly into her eyes : “ Son, what has wrought this great change in your disposition, that you do not speak to your mother openly and freely, as you are wont to do, and tell her sincerely what your wishes are ? If a stranger had heard you talking just now, he would have praised your resolution as very noble, deceived by your words and manner. Yet I have only fault to find ; for, see, I know you better. You are concealing your heart and have thoughts altogether different. I know it is not the drum nor the trumpet

that calls you, nor a desire to appear in regimentals before the young girls; for it is your destiny, bold and brave though you be, to look well after the house and peaceably till the ground. Tell me then frankly, what forces you to this resolution?"

Earnestly the son replied: "You are wrong, mother. All days are not alike. Youth ripens into manhood, often ripens better for action in solitude than in the rush of a wild, tumultuous life, that has ruined many a young fellow. And although heretofore I have been quiet and backward, yet in my bosom a heart is beating that hates injustice and injury, and I understand very well what is what; labor also has clothed my arms and feet with strength. Every thing, I feel, is true; I dare boldly affirm it. And yet you blame me not without reason, O mother, and have caught me uttering words half true and half feigned.

For I confess, it is not the threatening danger that calls me from my father's house, nor the lofty idea of being a help to my fatherland and a terror to the foe. They were only words I spake, to hide from you the feelings that rend my heart. And so let me, mother! Since I cherish vain wishes in my bosom, my life may pass in vain. For I know very well, the individual injures, yea sacrifices himself, when all do not strive for the good of the whole."

— "Only go on," said the sensible mother, "tell me every thing, the greatest, as well as the least, for men are passionate and always run to extremes, and contradiction easily puts them out of humor, but a woman is skilful in devising a remedy and takes a roundabout way to gain her end. Tell me every thing therefore, why you are so violently agitated, as I never saw you before,

and why the blood boils in your veins and tears fill your eyes to overflowing.”

Then the good youth gave free vent to his sorrow and wept, wept loud on the bosom of his mother, and spake thus in a subdued tone : “ Father’s speech to-day wounded me sorely. Indeed, I never deserved it, now nor ever. For it was early my delight to honor my parents, and nobody seemed to me more prudent and wiser than they who begot me and guided me carefully through the dark season of childhood. Much have I suffered from my playmates, - when they repaid my good-will with tricks, yet seldom did I take revenge by stroke or blow ; but when they made fun of father as he came out of church with sober, thoughtful step ; when they laughed at the band of his cap and the flowers on that very dressing-gown we parted with to-day ; instantly I doubled up my fist, and in a fierce

rage, fell on them, and struck blindly right and left without looking where. They yelled, with bloody noses, and were scarcely able to escape my angry strides and blows. And so I grew up, in order to suffer much from father, who would very often take me to task instead of others, when he was vexed at the last sitting of the Council; and then I had to pay for all the wrangling and trickery of his colleagues. You have often pitied me yourself; for I endured a great deal, having always in mind the heartfelt honor due to the kindness of parents, who only aim at increasing their goods and fortune for us, and even deny themselves many things so as to lay up for their children. But oh! it is not saving, to enjoy it afterwards, that can make one happy, nor is it adding house to house and acre to acre, as goodly wealth flows in upon us. For the father grows old, and the sons grow old with



him, without pleasure to-day and with care for the morrow. You may look down and tell me how glorious and fair the rich fields lie yonder, and the vineyard and garden beneath, and the barns and stables, a beautiful range of property; but I see only the back part of the house, where in the gable the window of my little room under the roof peers out; and I think of the times, when I used to watch for the moon there many a night, and many a morning for the sun; a few hours of healthful sleep were enough for me. Oh! they seem to me now so lonely, the chamber, the yard, and the garden, the glorious field, that stretches over the hill; all lies before me so desolate: I have no wife."

Then the kind, sensible mother answered: "Son, you cannot wish to lead a bride to her chamber, that the night may become to you a beautiful half of your life and the la-

bor of the day freer and lighter, more than your father and mother wish it. We have always coaxed, nay, even urged you to choose a sweetheart. But it is known to me, and my heart now says it : if the right hour does not come, if the right maiden does not show herself, then the choosing is far off, and the fear of taking a false step mostly prevails. I must tell you, my son ; so, I believe, you have chosen, for your heart is more than usually sensitive. Own it frankly, for my soul tells me already : it is yon maiden, the exile, whom you have chosen."

"Dear mother, you have said it!" was the quick reply of the son. "Yes, it is she ! and if I do not bring her home a bride this very day, she will travel on and vanish altogether perhaps amid the chaos of war and dreary wanderings from place to place. Mother, eternally in vain will the rich in-



heritance then grow before my eyes ; in vain for me will coming years be fruitful. Yes, the old house and garden will lose their charms : and even a mother's love itself will not be able to comfort my poor heart. For Love, when she knits her bond, loosens every other ; and it is not the maiden only, who leaves father and mother behind, when she follows the husband of her choice : the young man too knows nothing more of mother and father, when he sees the girl he loves going off from him. Therefore, let me go whither despair may drive me. For father has spoken the word of separation, and his house is no longer mine, when he shuts the door against the girl, whom alone of all others I wish to bring into it."

To this the good mother answered promptly : "Like rocks men stand asunder when they quarrel ! Unmoved and proud,

neither will make advances, neither will move his tongue to utter the first kind word. Therefore, I tell you, son: I cherish the hope that he will yet betroth her to you, if she be good and honest, although she is poor, and he has talked so strongly against receiving a poor girl. For he says many things in his passionate way, which he never does; and this is one of them. But he demands a good word, and has a right to demand it; for he is Father! Besides, we very well know his anger is after dinner, when he speaks violently and calls in question the motives of others, never reflecting; the wine stirs up all the energy of his violent will, and prevents him from hearing the words of others; he hears and feels himself alone. But evening comes on and there is then much talk between him and his friends. He is far more gentle, I know, when the excitement is over and he has a

lively feeling of the wrong he did. Come ! we will try it instantly, for the bold venture only succeeds, and we will need the aid of the friends who are yet sitting with him, especially that of the worthy minister."

Thus she spoke, and, rising from the stone, drew her son also from his seat, a willing follower. Both came down in silence, pondering the weighty matter.







## The Cosmopolite.

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MEANWHILE, the three sat talking together, the clergyman, the landlord, and the apothecary; and the conversation, still the same, was kept up briskly by all parties. The amiable pastor took up the thread of the discourse: "I will not gainsay you. I know that man ought to strive after that which is better; and, as we see, he does strive after that which is higher; at least, he seeks after that which is new. But go not too far! For, besides these feelings, nature has given us the desire to persist in old age in enjoying that to which we have been long accustomed. Every condition is

good that is natural and reasonable. Man wishes a great deal and yet needs but little ; for his days are short and his mortal destiny is fixed. By no means do I condemn the man, who, ever busy and active, goes about, boldly traversing the sea and all the highways of the earth, and rejoices in the gains which accumulate around him and his ; but he too is worthy, the peaceful citizen, who walks over his paternal acres with quiet step and cares for the soil, just as the seasons call for it. Not every year does the ground change for him, nor does the newly-planted tree stretch out in haste toward heaven, boughs adorned with abundant blossoms. No ! the man needs patience ; needs also a pure, calm, equable mind and a sound understanding ; for few only are the seeds he is able to entrust to mother-earth, and few only the cattle he understands how to breed ; his whole thought is bent on the useful



alone. Happy he, to whom nature has given a disposition so gentle ! He it is, who maintains us all. And hail also to the citizen of the rural village, who adds farming to his usual business ! On him the pressure, which heavily weighs down the countryman, does not lie ; the cares of the covetous townspeople, especially the women and girls, who, though little able, strive continually to copy after those who are richer and higher in rank, do not trouble him. Bless, therefore, the peaceful endeavor of your son and the spouse of like mind, whom he shall yet choose for himself."

Thus he spoke. At the same moment the mother entered with her son, whom she led by the hand and placed before her husband. "Father," said she, "how often in our talks together have we thought of the happy day in the future, when Hermann, making choice of a bride, would fill our

hearts with joy ! Our minds wandered here and there, marking out this girl for him and then again that one. Now the day has come ; now has Heaven brought hither and pointed out the very bride for him ; now has his heart decided. Did we not always say he must choose for himself ? Did you not only a little while ago desire that he might cherish bright and lively feelings toward the girl of his choice ? Now the hour has come ! Yes, so has he felt and so has he chosen, and decided like a man. It is yon maiden, the stranger whom he met. Give her to him ; or he will remain, so he swore, unmarried for ever."

Then said the son : " Give her to me, father, my heart has purely and safely chosen ; she will prove a most worthy daughter to you."

But the father was silent. Then the minister rose up quickly and began : " A

man's whole life and destiny are decided in the twinkling of an eye ; for, long as the deliberation may be, each resolve is but the work of a moment, and only he, who is gifted with sound sense, is able to lay hold of the right. In choosing, it is always more dangerous to think of this one and that one together, and thus to distract the feelings. Hermann is pure. I have known him from youth up ; and even as a boy he was never in the habit of running after every new face. He was sure of what he desired, and so kept it firmly in view. Be not afraid and astonished, when that, which you have so long wished for, appears on a sudden. It does not come indeed in the form you had imagined ; for our desires hide the very thing desired. Gifts descend from above in their own forms. Do not mistake it ; the maiden is the first who has moved the soul of your excellent son ; and happy is he, whose first

love reaches out her hand without delay, whose fondest desire does not secretly languish in his heart! Yes, I can tell at a glance, his fate is decided. True affection at once transforms the youth into the man. He is not to be moved; I am afraid, if you deny him this, the best years of his life will be wasted in sorrow."

Straightway the apothecary, from whose lips the words had long been waiting to spring, made a considerate reply: "Let us this time take a middle course. 'Make haste slowly.' That was the motto of the Emperor Augustus himself. I am always ready to serve kind neighbors, to use my poor understanding for their benefit: and youth especially needs a guiding hand. Let me go yonder; I will prove the maiden, and inquire of the people among whom she lives and is known. No one can deceive me

easily ; I know what value to put upon words."

Then the son immediately replied : " Do so, neighbor, go and inform yourself. But I wish our worthy pastor to go with you also ; two such excellent men will be unexceptionable witnesses. O, my father ! the maiden has not run hither a mere adventurer, seeking to inveigle inexperienced youth by her arts. No ; the wild chances of the ruinous war, that is now destroying the world, and has already razed many a solid structure to the ground, have also banished this poor girl. Do not men of high birth rove about in misery ? Princes flee in disguise, and kings live in exile. And she, too, the best of her sisters, has been driven from her country. Forgetting her own misfortunes, she helps others ; helpless yet full of help. Great are the sorrow and want, which are spreading over earth ; and

shall not one blessing spring out of all this calamity, and I, in the arms of a faithful bride, rejoice amid war as you did amid the ruins of the fire?"

Here the father opened his lips and said: "How is it, son, that your tongue, which for many a long year has stuck in your mouth and only moved when dry, has become so suddenly loosened? I must now experience what threatens every father; the mother, all too indulgent, will favor the headstrong inclination of her son, and every neighbor will join with him against the father and the husband. But I will not oppose you; where is the use of it? I already see tears and defiance in the background. Go and make the trial, and bring me home a daughter in God's name; if not, let him forget the girl."

So spake the father. The son cried out with a joyful mien: "Yet before evening



as good a daughter shall be presented to you as any reasonable man could wish. She too will be happy then I hope. Yes, she will never cease to thank me for giving again to her in you such a father and mother as sensible children desire. But I will wait no longer; I will harness the horses at once and drive the friends out on the track of my beloved; leaving them entirely to their own judgment. I swear to you I will abide by their decision, and will never see the girl again until she is mine." And so he went, whilst the others wisely considered, and eagerly talked over the matter.

Hermann hurried straight to the stable, where the spirited horses were quietly munching the clean oats and the dry hay, mowed from the best pastures. He quickly slipped the polished bits into their mouths, drew the straps through the well-plated buckles, fastened the long, broad reins, and

led the horses into the yard, where the active groom had already pushed out the carriage, moving easily on its axles. Then they attached the mettlesome steeds evenly to the swingle-trees with neat cords. Hermann mounted the box, seized the whip, and drove into the gateway. The friends immediately took possession of the roomy seats, and the carriage rolled rapidly off, leaving the pavements behind, and the walls of the town, and last of all the steeples. On went Hermann swiftly, to the well-known turnpike-road, and without delaying drove up hill and down hill at a smart trot. As soon as he caught a glimpse of the village-spire and the houses lying near surrounded by gardens, he resolved to rein up the horses. Now, before the village there was a broad green, covered with grassy turf and shaded by tall lindens, which had rooted in that spot for ages. It was used as a pleasure-ground by the far-



mers and the people of the town hard by. Under the trees, sunk level with the ground, there lay a fountain, with steps to go down, when stone benches appeared set around the spring, whose pure waters welled forth unceasingly, hemmed in by a low wall, convenient for those who came to draw. In this shade Hermann determined to stop the horses and carriage. He did so and said, "Alight, friends, and go and find out if the maiden is worthy of the hand which I offer her. I sincerely believe it, and you will tell me nothing new or strange. Had I to act alone, I would go straight to the village and learn my fate from her own lips in a few words. You could easily distinguish her from all the others, for in face and figure she has no equal. But I will give you besides a description of her neat attire. A beautifully-laced crimson stomacher supports her swelling bosom, and a black bodice fits closely

to her form; she has the neck of her chemise bordered by a clean ruffle, which encircles her rounded chin with a modest grace; the fine oval of her head appears uncovered and without ornament, save thick braids of hair fastened with silver pins; her blue petticoat hangs beneath her stomacher in many folds, and sweeps around her well turned ankles as she walks. I will yet beg this of you as a special favor: Do not speak to the maiden, and let her guess the object of your errand, but question the others and listen to all they say. When you have heard enough to satisfy father and mother, come back to me again, and then we will consider what is further to be done. So I planned it on the way hither."

Thus he spake. And the friends went into the village, where crowds of people were swarming in gardens, barns, and houses, and cart after cart lined the broad

street. The men were employed about the lowing cattle and the horses at the wagons ; the women were spreading linen on all the hedges to dry, and the children amused themselves with paddling in the water of the brook. Forcing their way through the wagons, men and animals, the two spies looked right and left for some form answering to the description given by Hermann ; but no one of them all seemed to be the beautiful virgin. Soon the crowd became denser. Then were heard around the wagons the cries of men and women in high dispute. And then an old man quickly drew near with a dignified step and walked up to the wranglers. The tumult immediately died away, when he commanded peace and rebuked them with the earnestness of a father : “ Has our calamity not yet tamed you so as to bear and suffer, when the actions of one do not suit the notions of another ? He

who has fortune on his side may afford to quarrel. Will not suffering at length teach you no longer to squabble with your brethren as heretofore? On foreign soil, give way to each other and share what you have, so that you may find mercy."

When he said this, all were silent; and the men resumed their labors about their cattle and wagons in a more friendly spirit. The minister, hearing the speech and observing the peaceable demeanor of the strange judge, came up to him, and spake: "Truly, father, when people live along in happy times, supporting themselves from the earth, who opens wide her bosom and renews the gifts, that we desire, every year and every month, then every thing goes of itself and each one is the most prudent as well as the best in his own eyes; and so they exist side by side, and the man of sound judgment is no more esteemed than

a common man ; for all that happens goes on quietly, as of its own accord. But let danger disturb the usual course of life ; let buildings be torn down and gardens and fields of corn laid waste ; let husband and wife be driven from their comfortable home, dragged forth to spend their anxious days and anxious nights in wandering to and fro. Ah, then we look around for the man of sense, whose words of wisdom are no longer uttered in vain. Tell me, father, are you the judge of these fugitives, for they instantly became quiet in your presence ? Indeed, you appear to me like one of those ancient leaders, who conducted exiled nations through deserts and trackless wastes. It seems as though I were talking with Joshua or Moses."

Thereupon the judge replied with a grave look : " Surely our time is like few times noted in history, whether sacred or profane.

For he, who has lived through yesterday and to-day, has lived years ; so in all history events crowd themselves together. If I think back a little, a gray old age seems to settle on my head, yet is my strength unabated. Others may well be allowed to compare us with him, to whom, in an earnest hour, the Lord God appeared in the burning bush ; to us also has he appeared in cloud and fire.”

Now, when the pastor was disposed to continue and learn the misfortunes of the man and his people, his companion stole up and whispered secretly in his ear : “ Only talk on with the judge and bring the conversation to turn on the maiden. I will go around and hunt her up, and will come again as soon as I have found her.” The pastor nodded assent, and the spy began his search amongst the hedges and barns and gardens.







## The Age.

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To the questions put by the clergyman, as to what his company had suffered, and as to how long they had been driven from their homes, the strange judge answered : “ The tale of our sorrows is not soon told ; for we have drunk the gathered bitterness of years, rendered more terrible by the destruction of the fairest hopes. Who will dare to avow that his heart was not lifted up, that purer pulses did not beat in his bosom, when the new sun first rose in its splendor ; when we heard of the rights of man, of inspiring liberty, and of universal equality ! Then every one hoped to live for himself ; then

the chains that bound many countries, and were held in the hands of idleness and self-interest, seemed to be stricken off. Did not all nations in those stirring times look towards that city, which had so long been the metropolis of the world, and now more than ever deserved the glorious title? Were not the names of those men, who first published the glad tidings, equal to the highest that find place beneath the stars? Did not the courage, the spirit, and the language of every man revive?

“And we especially, because neighbors, caught the inspiration. Then war broke out, and troops of armed French drew near; but they appeared only as bearers of friendship. And they brought it too; for they filled every soul with enthusiasm; they planted gay trees of liberty with delight, promising to each one his own property and his own government. Then were the young

men highly elated, and the old men with them, and the merry dance began around the new standard. Soon the persuasive French won over, first the spirits of the men, by their ardent and lively action, and then the hearts of the women by their irresistible grace of manner. The pressure of a war so much needed seemed almost easy to us; for hope hovered before our eyes, in the distance, and a glimpse into newly-opened paths lured us on.

“O how joyful is the time, when bride and bridegroom swing together in the dance, looking forward to the day of marriage! but more glorious far was the time, when the highest good that man can wish appeared to us near and attainable. Every tongue was unfettered, and the speech of old and young full of lofty thought and feeling.

“But ah! the sky was soon overcast. A

corrupt generation, willing to gain fair ends by foul means, struggled into power. They butchered one another, and oppressed their new neighbors and brethren, and sent forth swarms of selfish tyrants. And the rulers amongst us rioted and robbed by wholesale, and the subordinates robbed and rioted down to the very least; each one seemed to care only lest nothing might be left for to-morrow. The misery was very great, and the oppression increased more and more; no one heeded complaints; they were the lords of the day. Then grief and anger took hold of those even, who were most cool and moderate; all thought only of the wrong and swore to avenge it, and the bitter loss of hope twice betrayed. Fortune favored the side of the Germans, and the French fled back by hasty marches. Ah, then we felt for the first time the sad fate of war! For the conqueror is great and

good ; at least so he appears, and he spares the vanquished as if he were his own, to use him and his possessions at will. But the fugitive knows no law, and consumes his property rapidly without consideration. Then his mind is inflamed, and he strives to drown despair in crime. Nothing is sacred to him any longer ; he turns robber. Wild passion lays hold of woman by violence, and converts pleasure into horror. Everywhere he sees death, enjoys the groans of the dying, rejoices in blood, and finds a savage delight in howling misery.

“Fierce rage now sprang up among our men, to avenge those who were lost, and defend those who remained. All seized their weapons, encouraged by the hasty flight of the foe, his pale face and his timid looks. The tocsin resounded with ceaseless clangor, and the fear of future danger could not restrain their terrible wrath. The peaceful

implements of agriculture were quickly turned into weapons of war ; then fork and scythe dripped with blood, and the enemy fell without mercy and without quarter ; rage prevailed on all sides, and weakness in its cowardice and malignity. May I never again behold man the victim of such detestable passions ! A raving brute is a spectacle far less humiliating. Let him talk no more of liberty, as though he were fit to govern himself ! All manner of wickedness kept down in darkness by the force of law, stalks forth into the light of day as soon as these restraints are gone.”

“Excellent man !” rejoined the pastor, “though you do fail in doing full justice to your fellow-men, I do not blame you for it ; you have suffered evil enough from the actions of the lawless ! But if you look back over these sorrowful days, you yourself will acknowledge, I am sure, that a great deal



of goodness and virtue, which lay concealed in the heart of man, has been so brought out by danger and the pressure of calamity, as to make him appear like an angel, a tutelar god in the eyes of his companions.”

Thereupon the worthy old judge answered with a smile: “You wisely remind me, as we often, after the burning of a house, remind its afflicted owner of the gold and silver that lie melted under the ashes. It may be little, it is true, yet even that little is precious; and the poor fellow falls to digging, and rejoices when he has found it. So I willingly turn in a more cheerful mood to the few good deeds which memory has treasured up. Yes, I will not deny it; I saw enemies become reconciled in order to save the town; I saw also the love of friends, of parents and of children, dare that which is impossible; saw the youth transformed at once into a man; saw the gray-

haired patriarch grow young again, and the child taking the place of the youth. Yes, and the weaker sex, as they are usually called, showed themselves possessed of bravery, strength, and presence of mind. Allow me to make particular mention of a glorious feat, achieved by a high-hearted maiden, who stayed behind with other girls alone in a large farm-yard; for the men had marched out against the foe. A troop of marauders, in quest of plunder, broke into the yard and immediately crowded into the apartments of the women. They saw the form of the full-grown virgin, who was fair to look upon, and the lovely girls just budding into womanhood. Ungovernable desire seized them; without mercy they pressed upon the trembling group and the high-hearted maiden. But she instantly snatched a sword from the side of one of them, and struck him down by a powerful



blow ; he fell bleeding at her feet. Then with manly strokes she rescued the girls, hit four more of the robbers, and they fled. Having locked up the yard she armed herself, and waited for help."

Now, when the clergyman heard such high praise given to the maiden, hope for his friend arose in his mind, and he was on the point of asking where she could be met with? if she had accompanied the people in their sorrowful flight?

But, at this juncture, the apothecary walked nimbly up, pulled him by the coat, and whispered in his ear, "Among several hundred, I have at last found a maiden who answers to the description! So come and look at her with your own eyes; bring the judge with you, that we may hear more about her." As they turned around, the judge was called away by persons seeking for advice. But the pastor followed the

apothecary straight to an opening in the hedge, when the latter slyly pointed. “Do you see the maiden?” said he. “She has wrapped the baby in swaddling clothes; and surely, I can recognise the old calico and the blue pillow-case of the bundle brought out to her by Hermann. She has indeed speedily turned the presents to good account. These are plain signs and all the rest agree; for the beautifully-laced crimson stomacher supports her swelling bosom, and the black bodice fits closely to her form; the neck of her chemise is bordered by the clean ruffle, which encircles her rounded chin with a modest grace; the fine oval of her head appears uncovered and without ornament, save the thick braids of hair fastened with the silver pins; she sits erect, so that we see her noble size, and the blue petticoat, which is richly waved in many folds from her bosom down to her well-

turned ankles. Without doubt it is she. Come, therefore, and let us learn if she be good and virtuous, a home-bred maiden."

Then the pastor remarked, as he surveyed the sitter with a scrutinizing eye, "Indeed I do not wonder that the youth was ravished by her charms, for she does not fail even when tried by the proving glance of an experienced man. Happy is he whom mother Nature has gifted with a noble form! It recommends him continually, and he is a stranger nowhere; every one likes to approach him, and would fain linger in his presence, if his manners only correspond to his beauty. I assure you we have found for the young man a maiden who will brighten his future life and stand by him, through all seasons, with true womanly devotion. So perfect a form must contain a pure soul; and vigorous youth promises a happy old age."

And then the apothecary said, by way of caution, "Appearances oftentimes deceive! I never trust the outside, for I have too often proved the truth of the proverb, 'Before you have eaten a bushel of salt with a new acquaintance take care how you trust him;' time only makes you certain of the quality of his friendship. Hence, let us first inquire of the good people to whom the maiden is known, and hear what they say about her."

"I commend your foresight," the clergyman replied; "we are not wooing for ourselves! To woo for another is a critical business." And then they walked towards the judge, who was coming up the street in the discharge of his duty. The pastor addressed him prudently: "Say! we have seen a maiden sitting under an apple-tree in the garden hard-by, and making up children's clothes of old calico, which she has

probably got as a present. Her form pleased us; she looks like a brave girl. Tell us what you know of her; we ask from a praiseworthy motive."

As soon as the judge had stepped up and looked into the garden he said, "You know her already; for I told you of the glorious feat which yon virgin performed, when she snatched the sword and defended herself and them who were with her. She is the very one! You behold her vigor, but she is just as good as she is strong; for she nursed her aged kinsman till he died of a broken heart, when he saw the misery of the town and the dangers which threatened his property. With uncomplaining spirit she has also suffered deep anguish for the loss of a lover, a noble young man, who, fired by the lofty idea of fighting for freedom, hurried to Paris and soon met a terrible end; for there, as well as at home, he

encountered intrigues and arbitrary power.” Thus spake the judge. The pair thanked him and took their leave, and the clergyman drew out a gold-piece (the silver of his purse had all disappeared some hours before, when he met the fugitives passing by in melancholy crowds), and he handed it to the justice and said, “Divide this coin among the needy, and may God multiply the gift!” But he declined it, and said, “We have saved many dollars and much clothing and other articles, and I hope we will be able to return before they are all consumed.”

Then the pastor replied, thrusting the money into his hand, “No one can hesitate to give in times like these, and no one can refuse to take what is offered in kindness! No one knows how long he may peaceably hold what he has, and no one how long yet he may be obliged to roam about in foreign



lands, deprived of the garden and the farm, from which he derives his support."

"Ay then!" said the apothecary, in a fidget, "if I only had some money in my pocket you should have it, large and small, for your people must need it very much. Yet I cannot let you go without a gift, that you may see the will, though the deed lags far behind it." Thus he spake, and pulled out by its strings a purse of stitched leather in which he kept his tobacco, opened and parted it nicely; and there lay some pipes. "The gift is small," he added. Then said the magistrate, "Good tobacco is always welcome to the traveller;" whereupon the apothecary praised the canaster.

But the pastor pulled him away, and they separated from the judge. "Let us quicken our pace," said he, "the youth is anxiously waiting. He ought to hear the glad tidings as soon as possible." They did so, and

came and found him leaning against the carriage under the lindens. The horses were impatiently pawing the turf; he held them in check and stood lost in thought, and did not see the friends approach, until they cried out and made signals of joy. While yet distant the apothecary began to speak; and so they drew near. Then the pastor seized him by the hand, and, taking the word out of the mouth of his companion, said, "Hail to thee, young man! Thy true eye, thy true heart has chosen aright! Blessings on thee and the wife of thy youth; she is worthy of thee; come then, turn the carriage, and let us drive straight to the corner of the village and persuade her to go home with us."

But the youth stood still and heard the cheering words of the messenger without any sign of joy, sighed deeply and said, "We came out on rapid wheels and will



return home perhaps slowly and sadly ; for since I have been waiting here, distrust, and doubt, and care, and every thing that sickens a loving heart, have assailed me. Do you believe, if we do go, that the maiden will follow us because we are rich, and she a needy exile ? Undeserved poverty is often coupled with pride. She is modest and active, and so the world lies before her. Do you believe that a woman of her beauty and manners has grown up without a single lover ? Do you believe that up to this time she has fortified her heart against the power of love ? Do not drive on too rashly ; we may have to turn the heads of our horses homewards to our shame. I fear some youth already possesses her heart, has clasped her brave hand and received her plighted troth. Ah ! then would I stand before her ashamed of my offer."

The pastor had already opened his lips

to comfort him, when his companion broke out in his garrulous way : “ Indeed we were never put to such odds in old times, for every kind of business was then done in its own style. If the parents had chosen a bride for their son, a friend of the family was, first of all, let into the secret, and then sent as a proxy to the parents of the bride elect. Dressed up in his best clothes, he waited on the worthy citizen of a Sunday, a little after dinner, and, having first of all talked sociably with him about things in general, he managed to turn the conversation in the right direction. At length, after beating about for a long while, mention was casually made of the daughter in a flattering way, and then of the man and his family, by whom he had been sent. The shrewd people marked his design ; the shrewd ambassador sounded their feelings very soon, and was able to explain himself further. If the

suit failed, then the mortification at getting the basket was not so great. If it succeeded, then the maker of the match was the honored guest at every household festival, for the married pair remembered all their lives long the skilful fingers that had tied the first knot. But now-a-days all that, along with many other good old customs, has gone out of fashion and every one courts for himself. He must take the present of the basket with his own hands and stand abashed before the maiden !”

“Let that be as it may,” rejoined the youth, who had heard scarcely anything that was said, and had already made up his mind in silence : “I will go alone and learn my fate from the lips of the maiden herself, in whom I have the greatest confidence that ever man had in woman. What she says will be good, will be reasonable, that I know. If it be but to see her for the last time, I

will meet once more the open glance of her dark eye ; though I may never press her to this heart, yet will I behold again the bosom and the shoulders which my arms so long to embrace ; behold again that mouth, whose yea will make me eternally happy, whose nay will destroy me for ever. But leave me alone ! You shall not wait. Return to father and mother ; tell them their son has not erred and that the maiden is worthy of him. And so leave me alone ! I will go back a nearer way, by the footpath over the hill, past the pear-tree and down through our vineyard. O that I could lead home my beloved ! Perhaps I will steal along that path with solitary step and tread it joyfully no more."

Thus he spake and gave the reins to the clergyman, who with a skilful grasp checked the foaming steeds, quickly mounted the carriage, and took the seat of the driver.

But thou, cautious neighbor, didst tremble and say, "Willingly do I entrust soul and spirit to you, my friend; but body and bone are not in the safest condition, when the spiritual hand takes hold of the worldly rein." Thereupon, O sensible pastor, thou didst smile and say, "Only take a seat and entrust to me your body as well as your soul without fear; for this hand has long been skilled in managing the rein, and this eye practised in making a turn with the nicest art. For we were used to driving a carriage in Strasburg, when I accompanied the young Baron thither; guided by me it rolled every day through the echoing gate, out along the road as far as the meadows and the lindens, among troops of people, who spent the day in promenading there."

Only half assured, the neighbor then mounted the carriage, sat like one who is preparing for a prudent leap; and the

horses, eager for the stall, trotted off at full speed. Clouds of dust rose up under their mighty hoofs. For a long while after, the youth stood, and saw the dust rise and saw the dust settle again ; stood lost in thought.







## Durathen.

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As a traveller, when he takes a farewell glance at the sun, as he rapidly nears his goal in the west, sees a like image float in the dusky bush and on the side of the rock ; wherever he turns his eye, it glides before him, and shines, and dances in lordly colors : so the lovely figure of the maiden moved before Hermann, softly withdrew, and appeared to follow the path in the corn-field. Starting up from his dream of wonder, he turned slowly towards the village, and was again surprised ; for again the tall form of the queenly maiden approached him. He gazed intently ; it was no phantom ; it was

she herself. With a larger pitcher in one hand and a smaller in the other, she walked briskly up to the fountain. And then he drew near. Her presence gave him courage and strength ; and thus he spake to the astonished maiden : “ Do I find you, brave girl, so soon busied anew in helping others ? Tell me why you alone come to this distant spring, while the rest content themselves with the water of the village ? It is indeed gifted with peculiar virtue and delicious to the taste. Do you carry it to that sick woman, whom you so generously saved ? ”

After a friendly greeting to the youth, the maiden said : “ I am already rewarded for my walk hither, since I again meet him who has done so much for us ; for the sight of the giver is as pleasant as the gift. Come then, and see her, who enjoys your kindness, and receive the thanks of all who are indebted to your bounty. But that you

may know at once why I came to draw here, where the spring gushes out in a pure and constant stream, I will tell you: the thoughtless people have suffered all the water of the village to be muddied by the oxen and horses wading through the fountain, upon which the inhabitants depend for their supply; and besides, they have polluted all the troughs and cisterns with their washings and rinsings; for each one thinks only of satisfying himself and his present wants as soon as possible, and cares nothing for what follows."

Having thus spoken, she descended the broad steps with her companion; and the twain sat down below, on the little wall around the spring. She stooped over to draw; and he seized the other pitcher and stooped over likewise. And they beheld their forms, mirrored in the blue of heaven, waver and nod to each other in a friendly

manner. "Let me drink," said the happy youth; and she reached him the pitcher. Then they both rested, leaning familiarly on the vessels; and she said: "How is it that I find you here? and without carriage and horses, far from the place where I first saw you? how did you come?"

Hermann looked downward for a while, wrapped in thought, then raising his head his eye met hers, and he felt calm and assured. Yet it would have been impossible for him to talk to her of love; her eye did not look love, but clear sense, and bade him speak sensibly. He soon recovered himself, and said in a familiar way: "Let me speak, my child, and answer your questions. On your account I came hither! Why should I conceal it? I am blessed with two loving parents, whom I faithfully aid in managing the house and the estate, as the only son, and our business is great.

I attend to all the fields ; father looks after everything within doors ; and the industrious mother is the main-spring of the whole. But you know very well what a plague servants are to a housewife, now by reason of their fickleness and now by reason of their dishonesty ; she is compelled to change and only barter one fault for another. Mother has long wished for a maiden to help her not with the hand merely, but with the heart also, in the place of a daughter, who died in early life. And when I saw you by the carriage to-day so lively and so active, saw the strength of your arm and the perfect soundness of your limbs ; when I heard your sensible language, I was surprised and hurried home and praised the stranger to my parents and friends, according to her merit. Now I come to tell you what they wish, as well as I.—Pardon my stammering speech.”

“Do not hesitate,” she then said; “Go on; you will not offend me; I only feel thankful. Speak out boldly; what you are going to say has for me no terrors: you wish to hire me as a maid for your father and mother, to look after your well-kept house, and think to find in me a strong girl used to work and of a gentle disposition. Your offer was brief, so shall the answer be. I will go with you and follow the call of fate. My duty is fulfilled, I have restored the sick woman to her people, who all rejoice over her deliverance. The greater part have already come together and the rest will soon do so. They count certainly on returning home in a few days; so the exile is ever wont to flatter himself. But I cannot entertain such a delusive hope in these dreary times, which promise yet greater sorrow: for the bands of the world are rent asunder, and what will knit them

together again save the extreme misery which is now impending over us? If I can earn my living as a servant in the family of some honest man, under the eye of a kind mistress, I will willingly do so, for a wandering maiden is always of doubtful repute. Yes, I will go with you, as soon as I carry back these pitchers to my friends and beg their blessing. Come! you must see them and receive me from their hands."

The youth heard the favorable decision of the maiden gladly, doubting whether he ought now to reveal the truth to her. It appeared best to him, not to undeceive her, but to lead her home and there tell his love. Ah! and he saw the golden ring on her finger, and then he suffered her to speak and listened attentively to her words.

"Let us," continued she, "return! Maidens who tarry long at the well are always censured: and yet it is very pleasant to



talk beside a running stream." So the pair stood up and looked back once more into the fountain, and sweet desire seized them.

Then she took the handles of the two pitchers in silence, mounted the steps, and Hermann followed. He asked for one of the pitchers to divide the burden. "No, no!" said she; "an equally balanced load is easier to carry, and the master, who is hereafter to command, shall not now serve me. Look not so earnestly upon me, as though my fate were worthy of a thought! It is the destiny of woman to learn to serve betimes; for by serving alone does she attain at last to power, to that rightful dominion, which belongs to her in the family. Early the sister serves her brother, serves her parents, and her life is a continual going and coming, or a lifting and a carrying, a preparing and a working for others. Well for her, if she so accustoms herself to it,



that no path becomes too hard, and the hours of the night are as the hours of the day, that no labor seems too small and no needle too fine, that she wholly forgets herself and lives only in others ! For surely as a mother she has need of all the virtues, when the baby wakens her in sickness and craves nourishment, weak though she be, and thus cares are added to pains. Twenty men joined together could not endure this trouble, and they should not ; yet ought they to look upon it with gratitude."

Whilst thus speaking she came with her silent companion through the garden, as far as the threshing-floor of the barn, where lay the sick woman, whom she had left rejoicing with her daughters, those rescued girls, beautiful pictures of innocence. The twain entered ; and on the other side the judge came in at the same moment with a child in each hand, who up to this time had

been lost to their sorrowing mother ; the old man had just found them in the crowd. They leapt with delight to embrace her, and gazed on their new play-fellow with wonder and joy ; and then sprang towards Dorothea, gave her a friendly greeting and begged for bread and fruit, but most of all for a drink. She handed the water around. Eagerly the children drank, and the sick woman and the judge. All were refreshed, and praised the excellent water. It was slightly acid and invigorating, wholesome for people to drink.

With a grave countenance the maiden then said : “ Friends, this is the last time I will bring the pitcher to moisten your lips with water ; but when, hereafter, in the heat of the day, you rest in the shade and dip your cups into the clear spring, think of me and my friendly service done more from love than from a feeling of relationship.

The kindness you have shown me, I will never forget. Indeed, I am loth to leave you; yet at this time each one is a trouble rather than a comfort to his fellows; and in the end we must all scatter ourselves in strange countries, if a return home be denied us. See, here stands the young man, to whom we are indebted for these gifts, the raiment of the child and the welcome provisions. He comes and asks me to go home with him and be a servant to his wealthy parents. And I do not decline; for the maiden must serve everywhere, and would be a burden to herself to be compelled to sit in the house and be waited on. Hence I follow him willingly; he appears to be a sensible youth, and his parents must be likewise, as becomes the rich. And now, dear lady, farewell! Rejoice over the infant, who looks up in your face alive and healthy. As you press him to your bosom in these

colored garments, O think of the kind youth who brought them and who will henceforth support and clothe your friend !” Turning to the judge, she said : “ Many thanks to thee, O excellent man, who hast cared for me like a father in many an hour of need !”

Then kneeling down beside the weeping mother, she kissed her and heard her lisp a blessing. But thou, O venerable judge, didst meanwhile say to Hermann : “ Friend, I may fairly class you among those shrewd landlords, who are careful to take into their employ none but persons of capacity. For I have often seen a man, who, when trading, was strict enough in regard to cattle, horses and sheep, take into his house haphazard the first that offered, and afterwards, when too late, repent of his hasty action. But it appears you understand it ; for you have chosen a maiden, to serve you and your parents, who is honest. Treat her well !

As long as she takes an interest in your family affairs, you will not lack a sister, nor your parents a daughter."

In the meantime a number of the near relatives of the sick woman came in bringing many things to her and the news of a better lodging. All heard the resolution of the maiden, and blessed Hermann with thoughts and looks full of meaning. For one whispered nimbly in the ear of another : "If the master changes into a bridegroom, she will be safe enough." Thereupon Hermann took her hand and said : "Let us go ; the day is closing and it is far to town." With lively talk the women embraced Dorothea. Hermann drew her away amid many adieus. But the children still clung to her garments, with terrible crying and tears, and were not willing to give up her, who had been a second mother to them, till the women said : "Be quiet, children! She is

going into town and will fetch back plenty of sugar-biscuit, which your brother ordered for you, when the stork lately carried him by the confectioner's, and you will soon see her with pretty, gilded sugar-toots." The children loosened their hold, but still Hermann could scarcely tear her away from the embraces and the waving of handkerchiefs in the distance.







## Hermann and Dorothea.

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So the twain went towards the sinking sun, who, wrapped about with thick clouds that threatened a thunder-storm, shot forth from the veil now here, now there, his glowing beams, and cast over the field beneath a lurid glare." "I hope the coming storm," said Hermann, "will not bring hail and a beating shower; for the harvest is beautiful." And they both rejoiced in the waving grain, which nearly overtopped their tall forms as they walked through it. Then the maiden said to her guide: "My kind friend, to whom I am most indebted for a happier lot, for shelter and employment,

when many an exile is compelled to bide the tempest in the open air ! tell me now something of your parents, whom in future I desire to serve with my whole heart ; for if one knows his master he can more easily satisfy him, when he thinks of those things which are most important in his eyes, and has them safely treasured up in his memory. Tell me, therefore, how I may gain favor with your father and mother."

To this the youth made answer : " O how glad am I, that first of all you ask about the disposition of my parents ! Hitherto I have striven in vain to serve father, though I take as great an interest in the demesne as if it were my own, attending to the farm and vineyard early and late. Mother I can please, she knows how to prize my labors ; and so you, my good girl, can also do, by looking after the house as if you thought it yours. But it is not thus with father ; he

likes some show besides. Do not deem me heartless, because I at once reveal my father to you, a stranger. Yes, I swear, it is the first time such a word ever passed my lips, which are not used to telling tales ; but you entice every secret out of my bosom. The good father desires to see the graces of life, wishes external signs of love as well as respect, and he would perhaps be content with a worse servant, who would use them, and harsh towards a better one, who did not."

Then she joyfully said, at the same time moving with a quicker step and a lighter grace along the darkening path : " Indeed, I hope to satisfy them both ; for the will of the mother is like a part of my own being, and I am no stranger to the external signs of respect. Our neighbors, the French, in their earlier times, laid great stress on politeness ; it was common among peasants

as well as nobles and citizens, and every man taught it to his family. Among us too, on the side of the Germans, the children were accustomed to ask a blessing from their parents in the morning with kissings of the hand and courtesying, and afterwards to keep up their good manners all the day. Whatever I have learned and have been used to from my childhood, whatever my heart prompts—I will show to your father. But who will tell me now how I ought to behave towards thee—thee, the only son and my future master?”

Thus she spake, and just then they reached the pear-tree. The glorious full moon was shining in the heavens; it was night, the last glimmering rays of the sun had vanished. Before them lay in mass over against each other, lights clear as day and shadows darker than the night. Hermann gladly listened to her question in the

shade of the noble tree, in a place so dear to him, which that very morning had witnessed his tears on account of the poor exile. And as they sat down to rest a while, the loving youth took the maiden by the hand and said: "Let thy heart tell thee and follow it freely in everything." But he did not venture to say more, though the hour was so propitious; he feared denial, and felt, alas! the ring upon her finger, that painful token. So they sat together in silence, till the maiden began: "How sweet the moonlight! It is almost as clear as day. Yonder in the town I can plainly distinguish the houses and the yards, and a window in the gable; it seems to me I could count the panes."

Encouraged by these words the youth replied: "What you see is our dwelling, to which I am now leading you, and yon

window belongs to my chamber in the roof, which will perhaps be thine ; we are making changes in the house. These fields are ours ; they are ripe for to-morrow's harvest. In this shade here we will rest and enjoy our meal. But let us descend now through the vineyard and garden ; for see, the storm is rolling darkly upwards ; it gives out lightning and will soon cover the lovely face of the full moon." Then they rose up, and walked down the field through the heavy grain, rejoicing in the splendor of the night ; and they reached the vineyard and entered its shadows.

And so he led her down the numerous terraces, whose unhewn blocks served as steps in the alley. She proceeded slowly with her hands upon his shoulders ; and the moon, before she was buried in the thunder-clouds and left the pair in darkness, shed



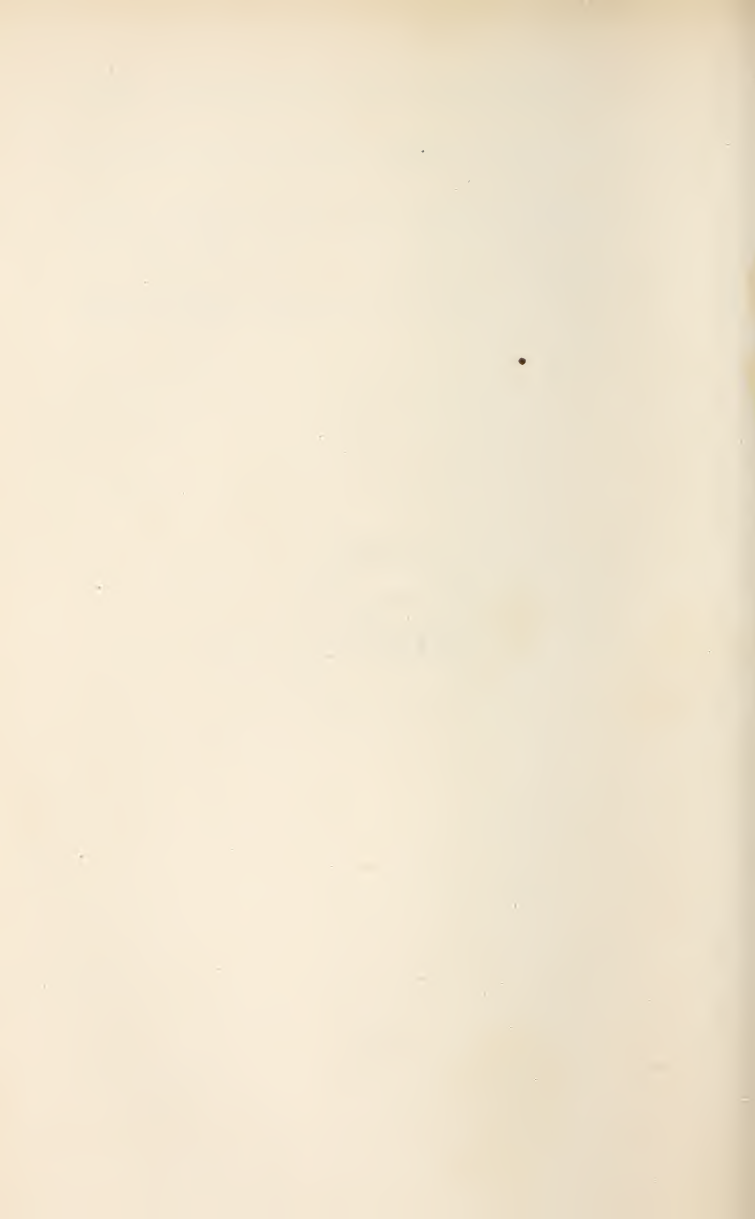
around them a flickering light through the foliage. The strength of the youth supported the maiden, who hung over him ; but she, unacquainted with the path and the rougher blocks, missed a step and would have fallen, had he not dexterously put forth his arm and held her up. She sank softly on his shoulder, bosom in contact with bosom, and cheek with cheek. Thus he stood, motionless as a statue, his most earnest desire bound, not daring to press her closer—stood, bracing himself to bear the weight. And he felt the glorious burden, the warmth of her heart, and the balsam of the breath that flowed from her lips, sustaining a woman of heroic form with the feelings of a man.

Concealing the pain she said sportively : “ It forebodes vexation, so considerate people say, if on approaching a house the foot trips, not far from the threshold. Indeed,

I could have wished a better sign ! Let us stop a while, lest your parents blame you on account of a limping maid, and you appear like a poor landlord."







## Expectation.

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YE Muses, who, ever ready to foster true love, have led the excellent youth thus far on his way, and suffered the maiden to fall on his bosom even before the betrothal; help, still further, to complete the union of the loving pair; dispel instantly the gloomy clouds that overshadow their happiness! But first of all, tell what happened in the house.

The chamber, where the men sat, which she had before left with care upon her brow, the impatient mother entered now for the third time, talking about the approaching storm, the rapid darkening of the moon;

then of the long stay of her son, and the dangers of the night ; and she censured the friends in a lively manner, because they had parted from the youth so soon without speaking to the maiden, and without winning her for him.

“Do not make bad worse,” said the father in displeasure ; “for you see we are anxiously waiting the issue of the matter as well as you.”

But the neighbor sat cool and collected and began to speak : “In such times of suspense I always feel how much I owe my sainted father, who tore all the roots of impatience out of me in my boyhood, so that not a fibre has been left behind, and I learned at once to wait with a composure that few sages can equal.” “Say,” rejoined the pastor, “what magic art did the old man use ?” “That will I cheerfully relate, for every one can observe it for himself,”

said the neighbor. "One Sunday, when a boy, I stood impatiently waiting for the coach that was to carry us out to the lindens at the fountain. Yet it did not come; I ran like a weasel hither and thither, up stairs and down stairs, and from the window to the door; my hands were itching; I scratched the table, stamped with my feet, and was nearly crying. The man saw it all with unruffled temper; yet, when I drove on too like a fool, he quietly seized me by the arm, led me up to a window and spoke in a solemn tone: 'Do you see the shop of the carpenter over yonder, which is shut up for to-day? To-morrow he will open it; then plane and saw will be in motion from early dawn till evening. But think of this, the day will come when the master will bestir himself with all his workmen to prepare a coffin for you and finish it as soon as possible, and they will bring over here the

wooden house, which must at last shut in both the patient and the impatient, and very soon a close roof will be fitted to it.' I saw it all in my mind as though it really happened, saw the boards joined and the black paint prepared, and sat patient and waited for the coach, whilst the others ran wildly around in doubtful expectation, for I could think of nothing but the coffin."

The pastor said with a smile, "An affecting picture of death does not appear as a terror to the wise man, nor as the end of all things to the pious. It presses the former back into life and teaches him to be busy, and nerves the latter to hope in trouble for a salvation to come; to both death is a source of life. It was wrong in the father to show to a sensitive boy death in death. The worth of a noble and ripe old age ought to be pointed out to the youth and renovation to the old man, that both

may rejoice in the everlasting circle, and life thus complete itself in life."

The door opened. The handsome pair presented themselves, and the friends were astonished, the fond parents were astonished at the figure of the bride so well matched with that of the bridegroom; yea, the door appeared too low to admit the tall forms, which now crossed the threshold together. Hermann led her up to his parents: "Here," said he, "is such a maiden as you have long desired. Dear father, receive her kindly; she deserves it. And you, dear mother, ask her at once about the whole round of house-keeping, that you may learn how well she deserves to stand nearer to you." Then he hurriedly drew the pastor aside and spake: "Honored sir, help me out of this dilemma as soon as you can; untie the knots which I tremble to see loosened. I have not won the maiden as my bride; she thinks she has

come into the house as a servant, and I am afraid, as soon as we begin to talk of marriage she will take her leave. It must be decided on the spot! No longer shall she remain in error; no longer can I endure the suspense. Make haste, and exhibit here also the wisdom for which we honor you!" And the clergyman immediately turned to the company. But alas! the soul of the maiden was already troubled by the speech of the father. In an agreeable manner and in a good sense he had spoken: "Yes! I am pleased, my child. With joy I find the son has taste as well as the father, who proved it at his age by always leading the fairest beauty in the dance and at last by fetching her home as a wife; that was mother! for a man in the choice of a bride shows what kind of a spirit he has, and whether he is conscious of his own worth. But did you also need only a little time to decide? For



indeed it seems to me it was not hard for him to know what to do."

Hermann merely caught a faint murmur of the words; his limbs trembled within, and the whole circle became silent at once.

The maiden, deeply wounded by such ironical language, as it appeared to her, stood with blushes mantling on her cheeks and reaching down even to her neck; still she controlled her feelings, recovered herself, and then said to the old man, not fully hiding the pain he had caused her, "Indeed! Your son did not prepare me for a reception like this. He had pictured to me the manners of a father, of a worthy citizen; and I am aware that I stand before a man of refinement, who knows how to conduct himself towards every one, according to his rank in life. But it seems you do not feel sympathy enough for the poor girl, who crosses your threshold and is ready to serve you, or

you would not intimate how wide asunder my lot is from yours and that of your son. Poor, it is true, and with a small bundle I enter your house, which is furnished with every comfort for its gay inhabitants; but for all that I know myself well and feel my situation. Is it noble to deal in such jesting as drives me back from the very verge of your threshold?"

Hermann moved anxiously and made a sign to his clerical friend to hasten to the rescue, to dispel the error.

He came up quickly, and beheld the subdued chagrin of the maiden, the pain which she endured, and the tears in her eyes. Then his judgment told him not to solve the difficulty at once, but rather to put her agitated spirit to a severer test, and he therefore said, "Surely, O girl from foreign parts, you do not consider, if in too great haste you have bargained to go out among stran-

gers, what is due to the family of the master, whom you are bound to obey, for a stroke of the hand determines the destiny of a whole year, and a single yea binds you to suffer a great deal. The toilsome paths of service are not the hardest, nor the bitter sweat of perpetual labor, for in this the industrious freeman is as much a partaker as the slave ; but to bear with the caprices of a master, when he blames you unjustly, or desires this thing of you and that, in contradiction to himself, and the violence of the mistress, who is easily offended, along with the rude and ill-natured manners of the children ; these are hard to bear and at the same time discharge every duty with promptitude and alacrity, and never grow stubborn or sullen. You do not appear to be qualified for such a post, since the father's joke has wounded you so deeply, and yet nothing

is more common than to tease a girl about falling in love.”

Thus he spake. The maiden, sensible of the truth of what he uttered, no longer attempted to restrain her feelings, but gave way to strong emotion. Her bosom heaved, a deep sigh escaped her lips, and while hot tears ran down her cheeks, she said, “Oh! never can the man of frigid temper, who tries to counsel us in anguish, know how little power his cold words have to relieve the sorrow, which a sad destiny has laid upon us. You are happy and joyful, how could a jest wound you? Yet the least motion is painful to a sick person. No, it would aid me nothing, even if I could succeed in dissembling. That may reveal itself now, which may hereafter cause me sharper pain, and afflict me perhaps with slow-consuming misery. Let me depart; I cannot stay here; I will go and seek again my poor

companions, whom in an evil hour I forsook, choosing what I thought was better. This is my fixed resolution ; and therefore I venture to disclose to you what otherwise would have long lain concealed in my heart. Yes, the jest of the father has hurt me sorely ; not because I am proud and sensitive, as ill becomes a servant-maid, but truly because my affections were drawn out towards the youth, who appeared to me to-day in the light of a deliverer. For, after he first left me on the road he was continually in my mind ; I thought of the happy maiden, whose image he had perchance already treasured up in his heart. When I again met him at the fountain, his presence gave me as much joy as if one of the heavenly host had descended. And I followed him willingly, when he asked me to come home with him as a servant. Still my heart flattered me (I will frankly own it) on my way

hither, that I might perhaps be worthy of him, if I could some day become an indispensable prop to the family. But ah! now for the first time I see the dangers into which I have run, in order to dwell near him with a silent love; now first I feel how wide the gulf is betwixt a poor maiden and a rich young man, though she be gifted with the rarest virtues. All this I have said, that you may not mistake the heart, to whose accidental wounding I owe the recovery of my senses. For I could only have expected, in the concealment of my gentle desires, that he would shortly lead home a bride, and how then could I have endured the hidden pangs! Happily I am warned, and the secret has happily escaped from my bosom, since the malady is still curable. But let that pass. After this confession of my love and foolish hope, I must remain no longer in a house, where I am only exposed



to shame and anguish. Not the night, now wrapped about with gathering clouds, not the rolling thunder (I hear it) shall hinder me, nor the torrents of rain, that dash fiercely without, nor the raging storm. All these I have braved during our sorrowful flight, and with the enemy in close pursuit. And now I again go forth, as I have long been accustomed, to be tossed in the whirlpool of the times, stripped of everything. Farewell! I can stay no longer. It is all over."

Thus she spake and moved quickly back towards the door, still keeping under her arm the little bundle she had brought with her. But the mother seized the maiden with both arms, clasping her round the body, and cried out in the utmost astonishment, "Say, what does this mean? and these useless tears? No! I will not let you; you are the betrothed of my son." The father, on

the contrary, stood looking on the weeping woman with dismay, and said in an irritable mood, "So this, after all, is the result of my great indulgence, that the most unpleasant event occurs to me at the close of the day! For I find nothing more intolerable than the tears of women and their passionate screams, which throw into utter confusion what might be easily and smoothly settled by the use of a little reason. It annoys me to witness these wonderful proceedings any longer. Finish it yourselves, I am going to bed." With that he turned round suddenly and retreated towards the chamber, where stood the marriage-bed in which he usually slept. But the son held him back, and said, "Do not go off angry at the maiden. I only am to blame for all this confusion, which our friend has unexpectedly increased by his dissimulation. Speak, worthy sir, for I have given the



whole business into your hands. Add not to the anguish and vexation ; rather finish the whole matter ! for I might not be able to honor you so highly hereafter, if, instead of employing your superior wisdom, you only take pleasure in creating mischief.”

Hereupon the worthy pastor answered with a smile, “What wisdom would ever have enticed this beautiful confession from her lips, and removed the veil from her heart ? Is not your care suddenly turned into joy and rapture ? Speak then for yourself ! Why should a stranger declare it ?” Hermann moved up and said, “Let not these tears and these transient pains be a source of regret to thee ; for they complete my happiness, and as I wish, thine also. Not to hire an excellent maiden as a servant did I go to the fountain ; I went to win thy love. But oh ! my timid glance could not read the inclination of thy heart ; it only

saw friendliness in thine eye as it greeted mine in the mirror of the placid fountain. I was already half blessed in being able to lead thee home, but now thou hast filled my cup." And the maiden gazed on the youth with deep emotion, and did not shun the embrace and kiss, the crowning-point of joy, when they seal to lovers that bliss which seems to be eternal.

The pastor had explained every thing to the others, when the maiden came before the father, courtesying with a modest grace, and having kissed the hand, which he drew back, said, "You will surely pardon these surprises ; first the tears of sorrow and now the tears of joy. O forgive me that expression of feeling ; forgive me this also, and let me again find the favor, which you lately showed me ! May this first vexation, of which I am the cause, be the last ! All

the maid has promised the daughter will faithfully perform as a labor of love."

Upon this the father embraced her, hiding his tears. The mother stole gently up, kissed her tenderly, and hand clasped in hand the weeping women were silent.

Now the good pastor seized the hand of the father and drew off his wedding-ring; no easy task, for it was tight upon his finger. Then the mother took it and betrothed the children; she said, "Once more let it be the office of this golden circlet to knit firmly a bond that will be fully equal to the old one. This youth is deeply penetrated with love for the maiden, and the maiden confesses that she has like desire for the youth. Thus I betroth you here and bless your future days, with the consent of parents and the witness of friends." And the neighbor bowed immediately and wished them happiness. But as the clergy-

man put the golden ring into the hand of the maiden, he saw with surprise the other, which had so troubled Hermann at the fountain. And he then said in a jocose and friendly way, "How ! art thou plighting thy troth a second time ? Take care that the first bridegroom do not appear at the altar to protest against the marriage !"

To this she made answer : " O let me devote one moment to his memory ! and pay a merited tribute to the youth, who gave it me on parting and never more returned ! He foresaw it all, when the love of liberty, when the desire to act in new scenes prompted him to hurry off to Paris yonder, where he met chains and death. ' Farewell ! ' said he, ' I go ; for everything on earth is in motion ; everything appears to fall asunder. The fundamental laws of the strongest states are breaking down, and property is parting from its old owner, and

friend from friend; even love tears itself away from love. I leave thee here; and where I will ever meet thee again—who knows? Perhaps these are my last words. It is truly said, man is only a stranger here on earth; a stranger more than ever has he become. The soil belongs to us no longer; treasures vanish; gold and silver are melted out of their old holy forms; everything totters, as though the world would rush backwards into chaos and night, and build itself up anew. Keep thy heart for me; and if we some day find ourselves above the ruins of the world, then we will be new creatures, transformed, free, and independent of fate, for what could fetter him who had lived through such a day! But should it never be our good fortune to escape these dangers and surround ourselves with joys once more, O then, keep my image hovering before thy soul, that thou mayest be ready to meet joy

or sorrow with an equal mind! If a new home and a new alliance attract thee, enjoy with gratitude what fate prepares. Love them purely that love thee, and repay their kindness with thanks. But then, put down the moving foot lightly; for the double pain of a new loss lurks behind. May that day be holy to thee; yet prize not life higher than any other good, since all possessions are deceitful.' Thus he spake and I saw him no more. Meanwhile I lost everything, and a thousand times have I thought of his warning. Now also I think of his words, when love prepares anew for me the fairest happiness and unfolds the most glorious hopes. O forgive me, my dear friend, whilst I hold thee by the arm! So to the mariner, who at last reaches the shore, the most solid ground even seems to reel and waver."

Having said this, she placed the rings beside each other. Then spake the bride-



groom with noble, manly emotion : “ Amid the universal wreck our union, Dorothea, shall be the more firm ! We will hold on and endure, hold on firmly to each other and firmly to the possession of this beautiful estate. For he who is disposed to waver in a time of wavering multiplies the evil and spreads it further and further ; but he who perseveres in a steadfast will forms the world around him. It does not become a German to help on this dreadful agitation and stagger hither and thither. This is ours ! So let us say and maintain it ! For those resolute nations, who fight for God and law, for parents, wives, and children, and standing shoulder to shoulder beat down the enemy, will always be crowned with honor. Thou art mine ; and what is mine now shall be so for ever. I will not guard it with solicitude and enjoy it anxiously, but with courage and strength. And if ene-

mies threaten at this moment or at any time in the future, then I will take down my weapons and arm myself. Knowing that the house and my loving parents will be cared for by you, I can calmly set my breast against the foe. And if every one only thought as I do, then might would rise up to contend with might, and all would soon be gladdened by the news of peace."







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Dec. 2009

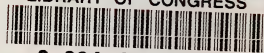
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